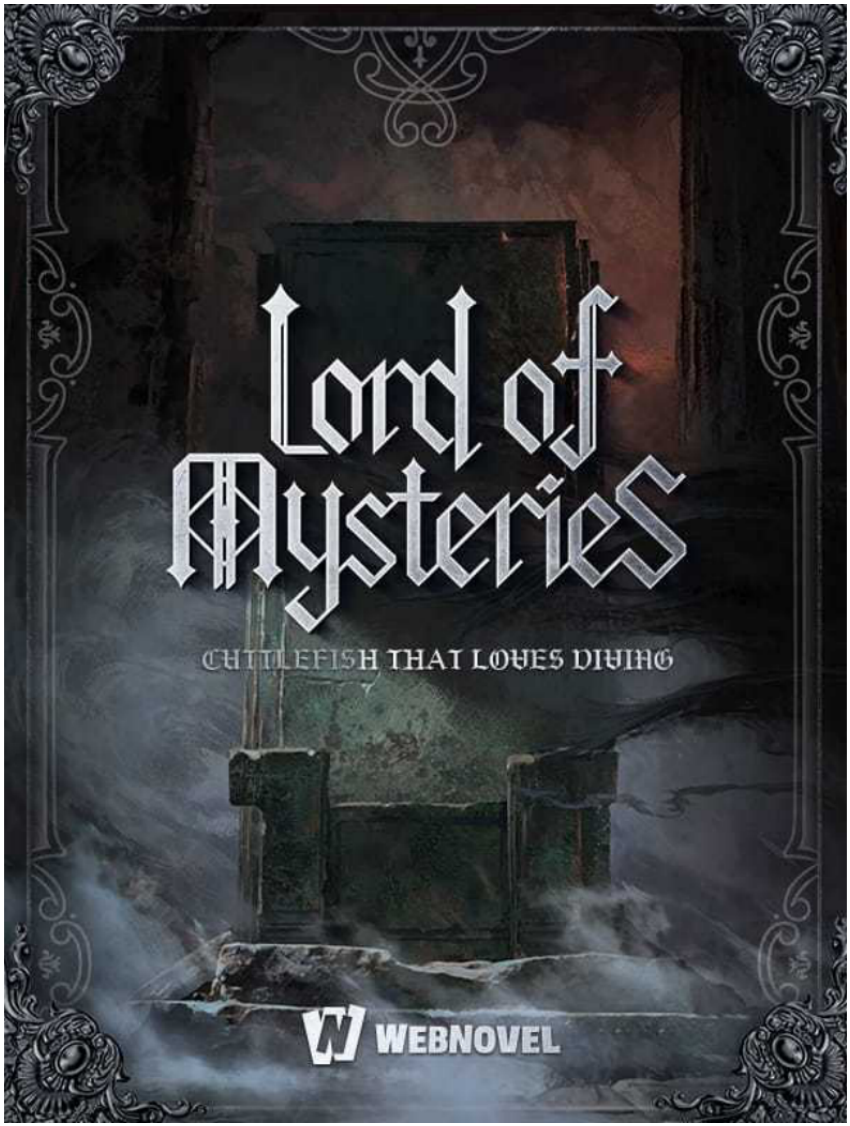
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

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Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

1,432 Capítulos

68.5M Modos de exibição
Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
mais

4.89 (5,035 Avaliações)

Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

1151: Deceit

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a hotel in the Backlund Bridge area.

Apart from his thoughts that still belonged to him, Klein could no longer control anything else. Even his eyeballs couldn't move.

He knew very well that this was likely a deeper level of "Parasitizing."

In this state, he could only look ahead of him in fear and despair. He watched as Enuni, who was wearing a monocle with a smile on his face, changed into Amon's original form. He took a step forward counterclockwise and opened his mouth to speak in Mandarin in an articulate and mellow manner:

"The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

…Did "He" steal my thoughts just now, or my ability to speak Mandarin… It should be the former; otherwise, "He" wouldn't be able to grasp this ritual… Klein's pupils couldn't widen as he watched. He felt an unprecedented sense of anxiety.

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1152: "Error"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Klein's reply, Amon smiled and shook his head. As "He" reached out to open the door, "He" casually asked, "How did you think of such an honorific name?"

"It needs to have a certain connection with myself, but also be able to avoid others from using the prayer's automatic response to lock onto me. There aren't many such honorific names." Seeing that his identity had been exposed, there was no need for Klein to hide it any further. Furthermore, he hoped to use such a conversation to grasp an opportunity.

At the same time, his mind raced as he began thinking about how to save himself.

I've been deeply parasitized. If I have any thoughts that aren't beneficial to Amon, it will be easily sensed and detected by "Him"…

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1153: The Sunset Tunnel

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Error"… Bug… Is that the essence of the Marauder pathway? As he came to a realization, Klein also confirmed one thing.

That was that the Ancient Sun God, the City of Silver Creator, Amon's father really did come from Earth.

The word that Amon said was standard English!

Fellow Earthling, your two children have really caused me so much pain… If only they were all like Bernadette… As he lampooned inwardly, he asked curiously, "You want to use this dream world's… loophole?"

Klein controlled himself and didn't use the term "bug" to describe it, lest it would arouse suspicion in Amon due to his overly ordinary fluency when speaking the word. He would then reveal a trump card for no reason.

Faced with a King of Angels who could steal his thoughts and deeply "Parasitize" him, he had very few trump cards to begin with. He had to make good use of every single one of them. Who knew when they might end up being effective.

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1154: I'll Give You a Chance

Editor: Atlas Studios

The path that was formed by dusk didn't seem to contain anything, but after Amon and Klein landed one after another, they didn't continue falling, as though they were walking on the ground.

This time, Amon didn't "steal" the distance. Instead, "He" "brought" Klein along as they approached the majestic projection of the Giant King's Court. From time to time, "He" would observe and admire the beautiful scenery.

Walking above the sea of clouds, they walked along a sunset bridge with the legendary palace in the distance. It was supposed to be a joyful and refreshing matter, but Klein felt as though he was walking into the Abyss, doing so one step at a time. The more he struggled, the deeper he fell.

Once he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, many things that he relied on would be useless.

Before long, Amon and Klein arrived at the projection of the Giant King's Court and stood in front of the tallest building.

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1155: Walking in the Dark

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, East Borough.

Fors, who had just returned from the land of ice and snow, was wrapped in thick layers of clothing. She looked at the burning charcoal stove in front of her as if she had fallen into a terrible environment again. She couldn't help but shiver a few times.

"George III is already dead. The things that happened before will definitely come to an end. Perhaps we can move out of this place and head to North Borough or Hillston Borough.

"The houses there have fireplaces!"

Xio sat on a chair opposite her and similarly stared at the warm furnace. She replied with a slightly confused expression, "Let's wait another week or two.

"To be honest, I still can't believe that George III was killed so easily… I didn't have time to do anything."

This bounty hunter, who had become a Judge, sounded disappointed, confused, and puzzled. It felt as though she had lost her motivation in life.

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1156: Thinking

Editor: Atlas Studios

Most of the areas in the Forsaken Land of the Gods didn't have paths that one would consider normal, but it wasn't that difficult to walk through them. This was because large swaths of the land were barren. Everything was mostly black in color.

On the moors, there were occasional sightings of plants that stubbornly grew. They were of a variety of strange shapes and distorted sizes. Klein had no way to tell what they originally were.

Around them, in the areas that the lantern couldn't illuminate, the darkness seemed to have a life of its own. It seemed to move silently, as though it wanted to devour everything that they could blanket.

As a Scholar of Yore, Klein just needed one glance from the corner of his eye to see the Spirit Body Threads extending out from the darkness around him. They were illusory, dense, and countless. This meant that there were many monsters lurking in the darkness.

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1157: Poise

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein pressed down on the grayish-white wall and slowly sat up straight. He smiled and shook his head.

"Before I fill my stomach, my brain refuses to work."

He was speaking the truth, and also a lie. This was because, before becoming a complete Mythical Creature, a saint would still be hungry and thirsty. But to a Sequence 3 demigod, not eating or drinking for half a month wasn't a problem. As for a whole Mythical Creature, eating was only a hobby, not a necessity.

What he wanted to express was that, before he officially made attempts at escaping, he needed to be in optimal condition.

"The habit of a Magician," Amon commented with a smile. "I'm not in charge of providing food, but you can think of a solution yourself."

Looking at the lantern on the ground, Klein thought for a few seconds before reaching out his right hand into the air.

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1158: Coming to Terms

Editor: Atlas Studios

After silently staring at the rabbits and mountain goats for more than ten seconds, Klein closed his eyes and flicked his right index finger and middle finger as if he was pressing an invisible piano key.

A third of the marionette collapsed, losing the feeling of being alive.

Klein's expression immediately warped, as though he had been struck 33 times by a giant sword.

The familiar and extreme pain he felt swept through his Spirit Body, causing light-colored meat tendrils to sprout on his body. Every sprout seemed to be forming a transparent maggot.

This was the backlash from killing 33 Worms of Spirit.

After taking nearly fifteen minutes to recover, Klein made his second attempt at letting the other third of his marionettes die.

The same pain, the same time to rest, and the same actions were repeated again. Finally, he completely finished off this batch of cursed marionettes.

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1159: Validation

Editor: Atlas Studios

They won't give blessings… Derrick was a little confused by this answer, not fully comprehending it.

Back in the Afternoon Town camp, when he handed the Silver Knight potion formula to Chief Colin Iliad, the other party had praised him for making a huge contribution. He believed that the upper limit of the City of Silver was no longer that of Sequence 4, and his tone didn't reveal the need to seek blessings from external sources.

Hence, Derrick had always believed that the Chief would be able to use the two god-level Sealed Artifacts to complete the Silver Knight's advancement ritual. Now, it was inevitable that he was surprised.

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1160: Improving

Editor: Atlas Studios

City of Silver, at the top of the spire.

After waiting for a long time, Derrick still didn't receive a response from Mr. Fool.

This made him panic a little. He didn't understand what this meant, nor did he know how to deal with it.

Mr. Fool is in a state where he can't respond to his prayers? Yes, "He" informed us two days ago that the gathering next week would be canceled. This should be a sign… Having recalled what happened previously, Derrick barely managed to calm his anxiety and nervousness.

He couldn't be blamed for having such a huge reaction, because the City of Silver's textbooks recorded similar situations:

The Creator who normally responded to "His" believers suddenly stopped responding and forsook this land!

After a few seconds of silence, Derrick stood up and returned to the room where the Chief was. He said to Colin Iliad, "We have to wait a few more days."

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1161: Countdown

Editor: Atlas Studios

Well done… Faced with Amon's "praise," Klein forced a smile and politely replied, "Thank you."

To be honest, he preferred to hear curses rather than "praise," as that meant that he was close to succeeding.

Of course, Klein suspected that even if he managed to escape, Amon wouldn't be flustered and exasperated. Based on the character displayed by this God of Mischief, it was very likely that "He" found it interesting and exciting while also inevitably feeling a little depressed and disappointed to the point of being eager for the next round.

"It's a huge improvement to be able to think of using Door to disrupt me." Amon smiled indifferently. "But don't you think that I'd be in a relatively more vigilant state while 'Door Opening'? And that it's actually not that easy to be affected by an accident?"

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1162: Prophecy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing… Bernadette had a vague sense of foreboding when the abnormally terrifying messenger returned. She had roughly figured out what had happened. Therefore, after hearing the other party's response, her expression sank slightly. There was no obvious reaction.

Queen Mystic's blue eyes, which resembled a condensing sea, instantly turned darker. They temporarily lost focus, as though she was looking at a torrent of fate through Reinette Tinekerr.

Two to three seconds later, Bernadette suddenly closed her eyes, as if a blinding light had appeared in front of her.

Blood-red liquid trickled from the corner of her eyes, accentuating her pale face.

With her eyes tightly shut, Bernadette said in a slightly ethereal voice, "Gehrman Sparrow is in grave danger. Darkness is devouring the light, leaving behind only a sliver of hope."

This was a prophecy.

The Sequence 3 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was "Clairvoyant."

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1163: Approaching

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Star also burgeoned and contracted. The rippling light gradually overlapped with the other ripples created by the other three crimson stars, turning into a tidal wave that surged through the entire mysterious space, causing the space to vibrate slightly.

After describing the matter related to Klein, Leonard ended his prayers and waited for Mr. Fool to respond.

However, he still didn't receive any feedback after nearly fifteen minutes.

Mr. Fool has always been very responsive… Leonard couldn't help but mutter.

After a few seconds of silence, Pallez Zoroast reminded with a slightly-aged voice, *"Recall what The Fool said recently."*

Leonard thought carefully and slowly said, "In the middle of the week, 'He' reminded us not to head into the woods in the northwestern outskirts of Backlund… Yes, 'He' seemed to hint that the gathering might not be held as planned…"

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1164: Cheating

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although Klein had been a Beyonder for less than two years, his experience could be described as rich and exciting, even among Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints. The things he possessed or encountered before that could be summoned from the Historical Void, and the ones that were capable of quickly killing him didn't number many.

Here, he chose the Flaring Sun Charm that he had used in Tingen City. He had already recited the incantation, injected his spirituality into it, and was about to activate the charm!

Indeed, to a demigod of the Seer pathway that meant bizarreness and change, it wasn't very effective against him. He mainly depended on the damage it did to his body, but Klein didn't dodge or defend himself. Instead, he released his body and mind to embrace the light of "hope."

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1165: The Grand Lineup

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Amon spoke, the transparent tentacles covered with mysterious patterns extended out from the gigantic vortex behind "His" back, and they wrapped around "His" many different Spirit Body Threads.

In the blink of an eye, the illusory black threads were lifted up without any resistance.

And with that, one strange monster after another was hoisted up in the air, like ham waiting to be dry-aged.

The Spirit Body Threads beside Amon were all stolen by "Him" at some point in time!

While Zaratul launched "His" attack, "His" other slippery tentacle kept extending into the void, attempting to pull something back.

In just a few seconds, a figure quickly appeared.

"He" had long chestnut-colored curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, thin lips, and a very beautifully manicured mustache. He wore a dark red coat with rusted golden threads. It was none other than the former Emperor of Intis, Roselle Gustav.

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1166: Its Name

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lightning once again lit up the desolate moors that were blanketed with grayish-yellow fog. It illuminated the spot where an angel-level battle had just happened, illuminating the calm smile on his face.

Amon looked at him for a few seconds before nudging his monocle and smiling.

"Can't you say something else?

"You seem to have found new hope?"

Klein's smile didn't change as he clenched his fist to his nose and stuck one hand into his pocket.

"I just suddenly understood something. It turns out that it's not too demoralizing to play this game with your true body. On the contrary, this shows that you have no way of stealing my destiny."

"Oh?" Amon smiled as "He" spoke in a tone, as though "He" was looking forward to what Klein would say next.

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1167: When the Stars Are Right

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Chernobyl!"

Upon hearing Amon's words, Klein's first reaction was one of shock.

Back when they were approaching the bluish-black, single-eyed giant, he had come up with many possibilities, but he never expected to hear such a name.

This was akin to seeing a machine gun appear in an ancient oil painting, or a novel's plot appearing in a scientific paper. It was filled with unbelievable contradictions.

In the next second, he thought of the funny matter about how the Ancient Sun God had used "His" rib to create Dark Angel Sasrir, but had named "His" eldest son Adam. He instinctively believed that the current situation was similar, and he couldn't help but laugh.

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1168: My Anchors

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the blink of an eye, Amon saw the grayish-white fog and the ancient and majestic palace above.

"He" just needed to reach out "His" hand and pass through the final obstacle to truly touch Sefirah Castle and directly occupy the place and, in essence, take it away.

But at that moment, a gigantic bluish-black palm suddenly appeared above the Amon phantom, blocking "Him" from entering Sefirah Castle.

Amon's projection subconsciously turned its head and looked in the direction of the palm. It saw the pus-covered, one-eyed giant who had long since died.

Bladel, who was known as the God of Glory, still didn't show any signs of life in "His" exaggerated vertical eye. The curse of the grayish-yellow fog kept emanating from "His" body.

However, it was different from before. There were seemingly illusory black tubes behind "His" back. They extended all the way into the infinite distance, a mystery as to what they were connected to.

Boom!

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1169: Klein's Plan

Editor: Atlas Studios

The flashing dark red glow slightly warmed Klein's heart. He felt that he wasn't that lonely, and that someone still remembered him.

As the illusory, overlapping sounds of prayers became clearer and clearer, turning increasingly real, noisy, and chaotic, he realized that Sefirah Castle was summoning him, and the resonance between the two was growing stronger.

After all the members of the Tarot Club had completed their prayers, Klein had a vague feeling that he could enter Sefirah Castle at any time, allowing his consciousness to manifest there instantly. However, he was still obstructed by that one last obstacle.

This problem was finally resolved after he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion.

It was also because of this that he had the opportunity to return to Sefirah Castle before Amon broke past the obstruction from the God of Glory, Bladel.

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1170: Ritual

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, North Borough.

Leonard, who had just arranged a mission for his team, saw the boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool's response.

He let out a long sigh of relief and said in a low voice, "Seems like there are no more problems."

Since Mr. Fool was able to provide feedback, as per normal, and convene the Tarot Gathering, it meant that "He" had already won the battle against Amon.

This way, Klein was likely able to escape from his predicament.

In Leonard's mind, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice scoffed:

"Don't count your chickens until they've hatched. After you enter Sefirah Castle, observe if The Fool is wearing a monocle on 'His' right eye."

"Are… Are you saying that the present Fool might be Amon in disguise?" Leonard's eyelids twitched as he hurriedly asked.

Pallez sighed and said, *"You can't eliminate this possibility. Amon can really do such a thing."*

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1171: The Third One

Editor: Atlas Studios

Let a piece of history that has been left behind return to the present era… Return, not reappear… The meaning of the two are completely different. It's not sufficient for me to write the true history of the Fourth or Third Epoch and disseminate it to complete the ritual… Klein's right hand, which was holding the fountain pen, paused. He instinctively analyzed the contents of the Miracle Invoker potion.

After some thought, he found something that perfectly matched the ritual's requirements.

That was to let the people of the City of Silver escape the Forsaken Land of the Gods and return to the Northern and Southern Continents, allowing this history that had been left behind for two to three thousand years return to the present era!

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1172: "Unperturbed"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein stared at the parchment in front of him for a long time without moving.

After a while, he gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table, causing all the items that he conjured to disappear.

He summoned his golden pocket watch and opened it to take a look. He sent a message to Little Sun, informing him to prepare to participate in the Tarot Gathering.

About a thousand heartbeats later, dark red beams of light rose from the two sides of the long bronze table, condensing into different figures on different high-back chairs.

Without any gaps in time, all the members of the Tarot Club looked at the figure sitting at the very end who was shrouded in gray fog.

Seeing that Mr. Fool wasn't wearing a monocle, Leonard inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he turned around and looked at the bottom of the long, mottled table to confirm the situation of The World Klein Moretti.

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1173: Advice

Editor: Atlas Studios

Good question… The Fool Klein inwardly praised her, and he explained by using the Red Angel evil spirit's explanation in his own words:

"The seven deities wish to have a Black Emperor, but 'They' are not unanimous in their candidate for the Black Emperor.

"When George III successfully obtained the ticket to becoming one through secret preparations, the seven deities had no choice but to accept it, regardless of whether they approved of 'Him' or not."

So that's the situation… Apart from The Moon Emlyn and The Sun Derrick, the other members of the Tarot Club were enlightened. They roughly understood why the Churches acted in a rather contradictory manner when faced with the tragedies of the Great Smog of Backlund, the deaths caused by the Feysacian air raid, and George III's assassination.

Following that, they suddenly had a question:

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1174: Joint Operation

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis… Mr. World wants to hunt him? Fors's first reaction was that she had heard wrongly. After all, Gehrman Sparrow had no connection to the Saint of Secrets.

However, she quickly had a rough idea from the Worm of Star that had just been mentioned.

This made her suddenly excited and thrilled. This was because she also wanted to hunt the Saint of Secrets, Botis, to avenge her teacher's family. However, due to her lacking strength and the inability to pay for it, she had kept this thought to herself.

Although it sounds like Mr. World doesn't plan on personally taking action, Ma'am Hermit is also a Sequence 4 demigod, and she has the support of that Queen Mystic behind her… I can provide the utmost support within my abilities! As her thoughts raced, Fors cast her gaze at The Hermit beside her, waiting for her reply.

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1175: Ideas Are Very Important

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Making things difficult for Amon?" Pallez Zoroast chuckled. *"What benefits can there be? Otherwise, forget it."*

Leonard was momentarily at a loss for words. After a few seconds, he said, "At least it can make you feel good."

Pallez chuckled.

"I will feel better if you don't bring this topic up."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, this Sequence 1 angel from the Marauder pathway sighed with "His" slightly-aged voice.

"Doesn't your former colleague have a Deceit Charm? Perhaps he can use this to come up with a solution."

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1176: Plot

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the face of the angel's embrace, Colin Iliad wasn't astonished. He accepted everything with a calm expression, as though he was already prepared.

The ritual began. He took a step forward, picked up the Silver Knight potion, and poured it into his mouth.

Without a sound, this Demon Hunter's body swelled up, turning into a grayish-blue giant with bluish-black veins covering him. He stood several meters tall, with black cracks on his forehead.

Every inch of this giant contained the indescribable power of mystery and terror. Apart from his head which still retained the appearance of a human, the rest of his body was akin to a Mythical Creature that exerted a strange mental influence.

In the next second, the skull underlying Colin Iliad's head seemed to soften as it sank inwards. With the black crack as its core, his head slowly squirmed, as though it was forming a nebulous vortex.

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1177: Substitute

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the desolate moors filled with deep ravines, Amon stood in different spots. "They" opened "Their" mouths and chanted in Jotun, "The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle…"

"The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

"The witness of an extended history;

"Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers;

"The great Gehrman Sparrow…"

These voices were layered as they bored into the void, as though they extended to an infinite distance.

Ten seconds later, all of "Them" adjusted "Their" crystal monocles in different manners and chuckled softly.

"He changed it really quickly."

If Gehrman Sparrow was still automatically responding to this honorific name, "They" could then use this opportunity to determine the other party's location and create an "error" to appear directly beside "Their" target.

…

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1178: I Have a Blessed

Editor: Atlas Studios

The gigantic silver snake looked down at Audrey and opened its blood-red mouth.

"The Sequence 1 potion that Zaratul, the leader of the Secret Order, consumed came from an Attendant of Mysteries. In other words, 'He' possesses an extra Miracle Invoker characteristic.

"Similarly, it was the same for the ancestor of the Antigonus family back then. Of course, if they were interested in something, or if they had a candidate who had won the favor of the family to the point of them being willing to nurture them, then an angel with sufficiently high status can separate the extra Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to the other party.

The third Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic had combined with a characteristic of mysterious origins. It has become Sealed Artifact 0-05, also known as the Magic Wishing Lamp… A true deity once attempted to destroy this item, to separate the characteristics and allow them to converge automatically, but eventually failed.

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1179: Preparations Both Ways

Editor: Atlas Studios

At that moment, Fors felt her cheeks burning as she stiffened. She didn't even dare to turn her head to look at her friend.

She realized that she had severely underestimated the bottom line of the magic mirror!

After stuttering for a moment, Fors recalled Mr. World's reminder and closed her eyes.

"I choose to accept the punishment."

A silvery-white bolt of lightning fell from the air in the room, but the moment it appeared, the lightning vanished without a trace like it was a hallucination.

The dark red words on the surface of the mirror were dyed silver as they were quickly replaced with new content:

"The question and answer game will end here today. Goodbye!"

Without waiting for Fors to open her eyes and before Xio could react, the rippling light in the mirror instantly calmed down. The gloom and darkness in the room shattered as they were swallowed by the light of the candle.

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1180: Different Effects

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning had dropped to a very low frequency.

Two slices of white bread and a piece of barbecued meat is pretty good after all… The sweet and sour desserts from the Fog Sea are better than I had expected… After swallowing the last mouthful of food, Klein sighed in amazement from the bottom of his heart. He then threw the remaining packaging into the darkness—after all, there was no concept of environmental protection here, nor was there a rubbish bin.

Of course, he had removed his connection with those items ahead of time, just like how he would head over to Sefirah Castle to perform "sterilization" every time he abandoned a marionette. This was to prevent Amon's avatars from locking onto him with them.

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1181: Nois Ancient City

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the bishop's instructions, Leonard was first taken aback before he inwardly sighed.

Mr. Fool's prophecy was really accurate…

No, it's not a prophecy. "He" was already aware of everything.

Leonard quickly reined in his thoughts and followed the procedures to get Bishop Saint Anthony to give him an official document. Then, he returned underground and brought two members into Chanis Gate.

After waiting for the Keepers to check the documents, he came to Emlyn White's room which was illuminated with shining silver candles that were covered with engraved patterns. He opened the heavy stone door with a brass key.

Ghostly blue light entered the cell, "stabbing" Emlyn White's eyes to the point of him instinctively closing his eyes.

His face was much paler than before, and his body was much thinner. He exuded a feeling that a gust of wind would lift him up at any moment.

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1182: The Holy Word

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although it had been less than a week since he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein had long gotten a good understanding of the place through Little Sun. He knew that normal humans, even saints, had to use fire to create light in the darkness. Otherwise, it was very easy for them to encounter dangerous monsters lurking in the depths of the darkness, or be secretly devoured, disappearing without a trace, never to be found again.

And at that moment, the elderly clergyman wasn't carrying any animal hide lanterns. Instead, he passed through the fog in the darkness and slowly entered the cathedral that was illuminated by the dim yellow light.

If it wasn't for his deep and calm eyes that didn't show any signs of madness, Klein's first reaction would've been that he had encountered a special monster.

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1183: Klein's Advantage

Editor: Atlas Studios

"…" Once again, Klein understood why Amon was the God of Mischief.

At that moment, he didn't even have the desire to lampoon. All he wanted was to immediately end the historical projection and escape from the Amon—no, Amons—in front of him.

The charred corpse that had been "Parasitized" wiped the soot from its face. Before Klein disappeared, it said with a smile, "There's no rush. You are just a projection from the Historical Void. I can't really parasitize you, and you should know very well that I'm not alone. It's difficult for you to launch an effective counterattack."

With a simple lantern in hand, Klein thought silently. He picked up a piece of the black sculpture fragment that had red insides, and he cautiously asked, "What exactly do you want to say?"

At that moment, Amon had already changed back into "His" appearance. The only problem was that "His" skin remained darker.

"He" adjusted "His" crystal monocle and chuckled.

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1184: "Record"

Editor: Atlas Studios

There are no Worms of Star at the moment… He wants me to take note of what else the person who's seeking to purchase a Worm of Star needs… Fors read the letter from her teacher and silently heaved a sigh of relief.

However, when she thought about how she was about to begin hunting the Saint of Secrets, she felt a pang of nervousness. After all, he was a demigod, a saint who had reached Sequence 4 about one or two years ago. It was unknown if he was already at Sequence 3 now.

Although the mastermind behind the operation is Ma'am Hermit, as the bait, I still need to worry about my own safety… Besides, the Aurora Order still has Rose Redemption backing them, as well as angels and a King of Angels… Fors didn't regret agreeing to Gehrman Sparrow's request. This was something she had wanted to do in the first place. However, due to the high risk involved, it was inevitable for her to feel flustered and uneasy.

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1185: Reappearing

Editor: Atlas Studios

The withered vines drooped down, covering the rotting wooden structure. The entire ruins had been frozen in a silent atmosphere that no one had tread within for a while.

Alger and a few sailors circled around the ruin in the environment of a withering winter, but they still failed to discover anything of value.

"Captain, batches of adventurers have come here before. What else could they have left us?" Finally, a sailor in his thirties impatiently broke the silence.

This resonated with his other companions as they echoed, "A place that didn't take us much time to learn about can definitely be easily found by others."

"That's right, that's right. Let's continue to f**k the Feysacians!"

"Captain, are you trying to make this place a stronghold?"

Alger slowly scanned the area, quelling the sailors to stop their complaints under his gaze and making them choose to obey.

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1186: Opportunity and Danger Are Two Sides of the Same Coin

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Fool acknowledged softly and didn't deny The Hanged Man's guess, nor was he certain that it was Queen of Calamity Cohinem. After all, it was impossible for him to take out a gold coin in front of him and perform a divination on the spot.

Alger waited for a few seconds. Seeing no clear response from Mr. Fool, he quickly went into greater detail about what he had said in the prayer. From the woman suspected to be Queen of Calamity Cohinem saying that he had some elven blood in him, to how she gave him a promise of becoming a demigod, as well as the key to the Western Continent and the completion of the agreement.

After recounting everything, Alger shut his mouth and lowered his head, not daring to directly ask Mr. Fool what "He" thought. He obediently waited for the great existence to speak.

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1187: Change

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the captain's instructions, Nina pouted and pointed out the window.

"Are any of Frank's experiments not strange?"

"…" Cattleya was momentarily at a loss for words. All she could do was sigh and say, "If there are any signs of danger, write to me immediately."

As a Mysticologist, she also had her own messenger.

"Alright." Nina puffed her chest out and said, "If there's anything to blame, it's solely because I'm the most mature and reliable person on the Future."

Having said that, she asked curiously, "Captain, what are you doing in Loen? What mission did you take on? Are you going to engage in some sabotage raids behind enemy lines?"

Nina was of Feysacian descent, and she was considered half-Intis. She naturally had some inclinations in the recent war; therefore, she guessed that her captain had established contact with Intis's intelligence department.

"…You could say that," Cattleya replied sternly.

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1188: Thick-Skinned

Editor: Atlas Studios

Summon his messenger… As Judgment of the Tarot Club, as a member of MI9, Xio understood what a messenger meant. Furthermore, she knew that the middle ranks of the Numinous Episcopate widely used messengers.

Before she could ask for more details, she saw Fors walk towards the guest room on the first floor with her eyes vacant and footsteps listless. She said with an ethereal voice, "Let me sleep for a while. We can talk later."

She slept all the way till the next morning, waking up thanks to the aroma of meat.

Desi pie? Fors rubbed her eyes and walked out of the room. She saw that the table was already filled with food.

"Yes." Xio came out of the bathroom. "The one from the corner of the street. It's not bad."

Fors enthusiastically acknowledged and sat beside the dining table. She quickly picked up the Desi pie and stuffed it into her mouth.

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1189: Winter Gifts Day

Editor: Atlas Studios

As soon as the dark clouds in the sky dispersed, everything in the Holy Wind Cathedral returned to normal.

In a nearby corner, Klein raised his hand to rub his forehead. The corners of his mouth twitched as he mumbled, "If you don't want to give it to me, so be it… But why did you kill my marionette…"

He then took a deep breath before his figure rapidly faded away and disappeared. The time limit for maintaining the Historical Void projection was almost over. After all, a Scribe's imitation of a high-level power had significant differences from the original version. The burden of a Sequence 6 summoning a Sequence 3 was rather heavy. Even if a Scholar of Yore could transfer his consciousness over and reduce the spirituality expenditure, it was impossible for Fors to keep it up for too long.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund, downstream of the Tussock River.

Leonard hid his red gloves and slowly walked towards a certain spot.

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1190: Resonance

Editor: Atlas Studios

As Anthony Stevenson's words echoed in Memorial Square, it spread to other areas. The Loenese citizens who participated in the Mass were both moved and sad, feeling warmth in the midst of their depression.

In a different square, different choirs began to chant the hymns. The ethereal and holy voice seemed to echo deep in everyone's heart:

"Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

"And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

"Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore[1]…"

Unknowingly, everyone felt their spirits being cleansed and their spirituality naturally released.

They seemed to have entered a dream and were strolling in a quiet darkness.

Their children were sleeping here. Their parents, their wives, their husbands, their friends, and the deceased were no longer suffering. They no longer had any pain, their expressions were peaceful and gentle.

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1191: Grasping One's Mentality

Editor: Atlas Studios

Friendliness? Upon hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's question, Fors nearly doubted her ears.

The image of Mr. X's head that was put together, leaving it covered in cracks, crevices, and blood surfaced in her mind.

Just as Fors was deliberating over her words, Audrey glanced at her and smiled at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"To let the Abraham family sense your friendliness, it isn't about what you do, but what Miss Magician writes in her letters."

That's right, unless I appear directly in front of Miss Magician's teacher, his understanding of me will only be limited to the various rumors and things that Miss Magician tells him… As long as the story she tells is good enough, even if it doesn't fit the actual situation, it doesn't matter… Klein suddenly realized that he had been splitting hairs on the question.

"Ah?" Fors was somewhat enlightened by Miss Justice's words, but she didn't fully understand it.

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1192: Each Serving their Duty

Editor: Atlas Studios

A milder approach… The Hermit Cattleya, who lacked experience only on high-level matters, instantly had a new idea and probed, "Let Miss Magician participate in the various Beyonder gatherings in Backlund. 'accidentally' revealing that she's related to the Abraham family, attracting the attention of the Aurora Order?"

Seeing no objection from The World Gehrman Sparrow, Cattleya thought as she looked to the other side.

"How we can make this matter appear reasonable without arousing suspicion, how to design the steps and procedures needed to 'expose' herself, and how to lay the foundations at each one of the gatherings —these might require your help, Miss Justice."

From her point of view, only a Manipulator who could accurately grasp the various mentalities of the different people at the gathering could allow the scheme to appear natural and reasonable, without leaving a trace.

"Alright." Audrey nodded solemnly, feeling somewhat excited.

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1193: Heading East

Editor: Atlas Studios

Dark Angel Sasrir might very well be the negative personality that's expelled from the Ancient Sun God… Mr. Door was once the most powerful King of Angels… The Abraham family also possesses at least two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts that's at the level of an angel of the Apprentice pathway… The underlying rules of this world are chaos and madness… Pieces of mysticism knowledge resonated in Cattleya's mind, causing her to feel weighed down in addition to her shock.

If it wasn't for the Tarot Club, Mr. Fool's protection, and The World Gehrman Sparrow's help, she believed that it wouldn't be easy for her to obtain such knowledge. She definitely had to take a tremendous risk in exchange. If she wasn't careful, she would attract the attention of certain high-level existences, or be embroiled in madness and pain.

"Thank you for your advance payment. This will greatly help me digest the potion." Cattleya opened her eyes and thanked him sincerely.

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1194: A Lion's Hunt of a Rabbit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Finally, Dorian stopped beside the letter.

He bent down and reached out his right hand. His fingers trembled as he grabbed the edge of the paper and picked it up.

This time, Dorian was very careful. He began reading each word, one after another from the very beginning. Sometimes he was enlightened, sometimes confused, sometimes puzzled, and sometimes in pain.

The letter Fors had sent wasn't long. He only used three minutes to read it twice before he fell into a long silence.

The sunlight shined through the window and landed on the toppled table.

Dorian Gray Abraham's lips suddenly quivered, but he ultimately didn't make a sound.

Separated by a piece of paper, his right thumb and index finger quickly rubbed against each other and ignited the letter with a scarlet flame.

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1195: Grade 0

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the region that had been concealed, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, narrowed his eyes slightly as he recognized Leymano's Travels.

This made him no longer have any doubts about the intel provided by Saint Tenebrous Kisma.

He recognized this notebook and knew that it was a mystical item that the Abraham family placed great importance on. It was one of the most powerful items below the High-Sequences, and the negative effects were negligible.

Heh, back when I was a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, I had yearned for this notebook so much. In the end, the Abraham family was wary of me and didn't place any importance on my needs at all… Now, have they learned their lesson? This woman shouldn't be a descendant of the Abraham family. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone around searching for the cursed item of an ancient wraith… Botis muttered inwardly as his expression gradually turned grim, showing hints of a cruel fervor.

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1196: The Ugly Duckling

Editor: Atlas Studios

When opening the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, the long table, chairs, Fors, and the others were like dolls. They were either still or motionless. Otherwise, under the power of torsion springs, they made repeated simple movements.

Upon seeing this scene, Botis's hair stood on end. For some baffling reason, he felt that he was about to join and become one of them.

He instinctively wanted to react to the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in his hand, but he saw the hooded, purple-robed woman retract her right hand and hold it to her mouth, slightly clenched.

A dark color instantly formed in her palm. It was an ancient bugle with a charm that appeared very heavy and powerful.

The Horn of Magic, the Horn of Destruction!

Botis's pupils dilated as he lacked the luxury of time to deal with the Box of the Great Old Ones. He grabbed forward with his right hand, as though he had raised an invisible screen that shielded the void.

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1197: Mind Storm

Editor: Atlas Studios

The blood-stained spear that seemed to come from an ancient time that couldn't be traced had absorbed the entire room's presence, stabbing straight into the body of Saint of Secrets Botis.

The brown-haired, firm-bodied Botis's figure faded away, turning into a pair of black double doors.

At the same time, he appeared behind the "door," placing himself in a separate world from the terrifying spear as he looked at it from afar.

In the next moment, the spear that was stained with red blood pierced through the black door and bore into the space where Botis was.

Botis's figure kept retreating, constantly transforming into one illusory door after another. Some of them were made up of two winding stone golems, while others had a fist-sized hole by the gaps of the door. Some were embedded with silver nails, while others were covered in mysterious patterns. One after another, they were layered repeatedly, extending to an infinite number.

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1198: Frenzy

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Saint of Secrets, Botis, began to traverse the spirit world the moment he entered, heading straight for the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea—the ruins of the battle of the gods.

At this moment, his thoughts blurred. His body turned and left the spirit world through another place.

By the time Botis received a warning from his spirituality and had regained control of his own thoughts while feeling tense, what he saw was a bare forest with nearly all its leaves scattered. There was no one around, and the crimson moon hung high in the sky.

As a former Traveler and Astrologer, he immediately identified his location and found that he was still in Backlund. However, he had moved from the city to a remote area in the suburbs.

At the same time, he also understood what had happened.

It was unknown when his mind world had been infiltrated with someone else's consciousness. At the critical moment, it affected his thoughts and changed his destination!

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1199: Inauspicious Box

Editor: Atlas Studios

Towards the return of Botis's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or the restoration of its normal condition, The Hermit Cattleya and Justice Audrey had made a preliminary plan. After all, they weren't confident at killing a demigod in such a short period of time.

If not for the fact that Botis had fallen into a trap having suffered the lethal blows of "Mental Plague," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Frenzy" and putting him into a crazy and incoherent state, he actually had many opportunities to "Teleport" away without being stopped.

In that case, Cattleya and Audrey could only wait for Botis to return to a "safe house" and release Fors. Once the Eye of Mystery Prying provided them feedback, they could remotely create an opportunity for Miss Magician to summon the Historical Void projection.

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1200: Randomness

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a while, the space in the collapsed forest suddenly tore apart, revealing an illusory yet mysterious door.

The door opened silently, and a handsome man with black hair and golden eyes walked out. He was dressed in a well-ironed suit, looking mature and elegant.

Before he could examine the scene, he heard a loud boom. He could feel a violent storm blowing towards him, and he saw a middle-aged man with an imposing aura appear in front of him.

The middle-aged man had rather obvious large earlobes. His hair was dark blue and thick, and there seemed to be countless bolts of lightning hidden in his eyes.

He was the cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus.

The clergyman in the black robe that was embroidered with storm symbols looked around and cast his gaze at the golden-eyed man. He asked in a thunderous voice, "Celt, what happened here?"

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1201: Professional

Editor: Atlas Studios

The pupils of Botis's eyes had already turned deep black, and they were frozen in a look of indescribable fear. It made Klein's heart palpitate when he saw it, as though he could feel the intense changes in Botis's emotions before his death.

After a series of inspections, together with "divination," he confirmed that these two eyeballs didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, but they contained a strong corruptive force and a power that came from an unknown source. It could be used as a medium for curses, and it could directly affect the target. It was a rather dangerous spiritual material with an extremely long "expiry date."

I can't bring it with me for extended periods of time. Otherwise, I might be weakened mentally, have nightmares every day, and suffer a physical mutation… Klein casually summoned a square metal box and placed Botis's two eyeballs into it.

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1202: The Tarot Club

Editor: Atlas Studios

The demigods and Beyonders present nodded at Leonard's demonstration, indicating that they understood what the Red Glove captain meant.

One of the Mandated Punishers raised his arm and took the opportunity to ask a question:

"In other words, whoever left a tarot card behind is the member executing the mission?"

"That should be the case." Leonard did not give a definite answer.

The same Mandated Punisher continued asking, "What do the tarot cards that were scattered all over Lanevus's corpse mean then? There's no specific direction."

Leonard immediately picked up a white chalk and wrote the name Lanevus on the blackboard behind him. Then, he drew a circle.

"I've just said that in the past two to three years, the matter involving tarot cards have really caught our attention because of the Lanevus case. This is very likely the beginning of everything.

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1203: Harvest

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Dark red starlight shot up, forming several figures.

Leonard did a casual glance, and his gaze suddenly froze on the silver-black jewelry box placed on the long mottled table.

If he recalled correctly, this was likely a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Box of the Great Old Ones that The World Klein Moretti had specially emphasized during the prior private gathering.

The Saint of Secrets was really in control of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact? And he even used it? Yet, Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice succeeded? Leonard's pupils dilated slightly as he nearly couldn't believe his eyes.

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1204: Putting Life and Death Aside

Editor: Atlas Studios

Fors wasn't surprised by Mr. World's request. She nervously replied, "Al-alright.

"What kind of deal is it exactly?"

During this period of time, she had communicated with her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, several times. Under Miss Justice's guidance, she had laid quite a lot of foundation for the impending request.

The World Klein laughed hoarsely.

"You don't have to tell him what I want for now. Just lay out my chips for him and see if he's interested."

"Your bargaining chip is still the promise to break the Abraham family's curse?" Fors cautiously sought confirmation.

Klein nodded and pointed at 0-61 on the long mottled table.

"It can also be this Box of the Great Old Ones."

An item used to exchange for a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact can't be simple… Be it Justice Audrey or The Hermit Cattleya, both of them suddenly had such a realization.

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1205: A Thousand-Year-Old Trap

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amon!

Blasphemer Amon!

Leonard was no stranger to the person in front of him. Not only had he faced his avatar, but he had also heard of "His" various deeds and nasty character from Old Man Pallez Zoroast.

At that moment, Leonard's thoughts nearly froze as his mind went blank. Only a small number of thoughts could spin.

Amon's lips suddenly quivered as "He" muttered a raving that was completely at the level of a deity.

One voice after another echoed in Leonard's mind as though it came from the countless number of Amons:

"Are you pleasantly surprised? Are you shocked?"

"After realizing that I won't be able to get Sefirah Castle any time soon, I shifted my focus to Backlund…"

"If it wasn't to fool all of you, why would I have played such a simple cat-and-mouse game with him?"

"I think you two should be in contact…"

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1206: Sly Old Foxes, Everyone of Them

Editor: Atlas Studios

Too late? After Klein's heart sank, he suddenly felt the Box of the Great Old Ones in his hand shake violently.

He hurriedly looked down and saw that the surface of the corpse cathedral's door, which had shrunken into a toy, emitted rays of light. Every twisted face on the white skull seemed to come alive.

Adam's corpse cathedral has such a high level? It can withstand the first level of 0-61 with just one door? Without any hesitation, Klein used the crimson star representing Leonard and locked onto a gas lamp on 7 Pinster Street.

Suddenly, the door with white bones protruding out with a distorted face returned to the real world. And on the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, there was an additional toy street lamp.

Right on the heels of that, Klein aimed at the Amon inside the corpse cathedral as he swiped his right hand, opening the second level of 0-61.

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1207: Dorian's Decision

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. 22 Hope Street, Hat Trick Inn.

With broad shoulders and thick arms, Dorian Gray Abraham unknowingly paced back and forth in the room, waiting for his student, Fors, to visit.

No matter how composed and mentally prepared he was, he couldn't help but feel nervous and uneasy when he eventually needed to face the answer.

After an unknown period of time, there was a series of knocks on the door.

Dorian listened to the rhythm for a few seconds before taking a deep breath. He walked to the door, twisted the handle, and pulled it back.

Outside the door was the brown-haired, curly-haired Fors, who was wearing a dark-colored long dress and a pair of tinted glasses.

Dorian habitually looked behind Fors, and after confirming that no one was looking in their direction, he made way for his student to pass.

At the same time, he glanced at Fors's hands and realized that his student wasn't carrying any luggage.

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1208: The Long-Awaited Serenity

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leave legends in nine places other than this planet… Isn't this the cosmos? Looking at the potion formula in his hand, Klein nearly frowned.

He felt that this was more dangerous than the advancement ritual of a Miracle Invoker.

Although the Box of the Great Old Ones and the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family, as well as a number of Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, had the ability to send people into the cosmos, making the ritual appear simple, he clearly remembered that the Church of Evernight's ascetic leader, Arianna, had once warned him that the cosmos contained extremely terrifying corruption. It was dangerous to even understand it before becoming an angel.

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1209: Two Choices

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the room, the crimson glow was like water that soaked every corner.

Dorian slowly lifted his head and looked at the full moon outside the oriel window. He didn't look away for a long time, as if he was admiring a beautiful scenery for the first time.

Phew… He let out a breath, stood up, and entered the bathroom. He turned on the tap, held up a mouthful of biting-cold water, and splashed it hard on his face.

After washing up, Dorian wiped his face with a towel and returned to the living room to sit on the sofa. He lowered his head and muttered piously, "Praise be to Mr. Fool!"

After completing his prayer, he walked into the study, took out a pen and paper, and wrote to Fors:

"…

"Please tell Mr. Gehrman Sparrow that I have confirmed his promise. I hope he can find a better way to resolve the curse…

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1210: Moon City

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning was very low.

A few humanoid creatures cautiously approached a meatball with six legs and more than ten eyes.

They were wrapped in animal skins or clothes with materials that couldn't be identified. With the help of a few lanterns, they passed through the endless darkness with heavy expressions.

On their faces, there were about ten to twenty tumors. Some of their eyes were nearly squeezed together, while others didn't have a nose, with only a black hole in that place.

After a series of intense battles, they managed to successfully finish off the monster and split into two groups. One group guarded the surroundings. and another group reaped the spoils of war.

During this process, the man with many meat tumors on his face dissected the monster's corpse. When he was searching for edible parts, he suddenly stopped.

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1211: Unimaginable

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the carriage drove slowly along the road, Audrey's gaze subconsciously looked out the window.

Many passers-by stood by the roadside, staring at the horse that was pulling the carriage. Their eyes seemed to be emitting a greedy glint as they, the lucky ones, successfully collected their food. They ran through the streets surreptitiously and headed for home.

A team of policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms were patrolling the streets. They had revolvers by their waists and batons in their hands—means to deter anyone from wanting to take risks.

"Recently, we don't even dare to go on the streets alone…" the personal maidservant, Annie, whispered to her.

Audrey nodded slightly but didn't respond.

After a while, the carriage arrived at Phelps Street and stopped at the square in front of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The flock of pigeons that were usually here was nowhere to be seen.

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1212: Spreading Radiance

Editor: Atlas Studios

Just now, as Klein was thinking of a solution, an image naturally came to mind.

The clouds in the two mountains began to "boil" rapidly as they spread out to the left and right, revealing a crack whose bottom couldn't be seen. The orange-red rays of the sunset filled it and formed a corporeal path.

This was a scene created when Blasphemer Amon entered the projection of the Giant King's Court.

And just as he felt that he didn't know enough about the corresponding powers and planned on switching to another method. The red, green, blue, and transparent gems on the Staff of the Stars had already begun to emit a faint glow as they automatically activated.

The solidified grayish-white fog was similarly "boiling," but it wasn't that intense.

They were churning backward as they parted, but the area right in front of him remained an endless grayish-white mass. There was no end to it.

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1213: The Eternally Imperturbable Fog

Editor: Atlas Studios

3,722 years… Indeed, they were sent here when the Ancient Sun God was still alive… With the City of Silver's continued survival in the darkness for more than two thousand years as a reference, Klein easily confirmed the words of Moon City's High Priest.

He nodded slightly and asked, "Are you guarding this fog to prevent any anomalies from happening to it?"

The High Priest of Moon City, who was wrapped in dark brown beast hide, Nim, shook his head.

"The revelation that the Lord gave us was to guard the area all day. We needed to know if anyone walks out of the fog."

Walks out of the fog… The Ancient Sun God had a premonition that a person would walk out of this fog? If the other side of the fog is really the Western Continent, does this mean that there might still be life and civilization in it? When Klein heard this, an indescribable palpitation struck his heart, but he deeply realized a certain reality:

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1214: Voice

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing the High Priest's reply, Klein held his lantern and walked twenty to thirty steps to the right, parallel to the grayish-white fog.

Then, he half-closed his eyes as though he was sensing something. This made the Moon City Beyonders behind him not dare to make a sound, afraid of disturbing the oracle.

After four to five seconds, Klein stretched out his right hand and slowly grabbed the air ahead.

An altar made of stone dropped into the real world. On it were three candles made of oil and seven to eight spiritual materials.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, Nim was taken aback. He found it difficult to believe his eyes.

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1215: Not Time Yet

Editor: Atlas Studios

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

When he heard the voices deep in the grayish-white mist, Klein trembled slightly as the back of his head turned numb.

This feeling quickly spread to every part of his body, causing tiny goosebumps to protrude on his skin.

This was the second time he had heard the name "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" in the real world. And the first time, it was said by Amon after "He" stole his thoughts. In fact, Amon didn't know the exact meaning behind it, nor did "He" truly grasp the incantation.

Therefore, in essence, this was the first time.

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1216: Patience Will Ultimately Pay Off

Editor: Atlas Studios

City of Silver, at the top of the spire, in the Chief's room.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad looked out of the window at the deep darkness. It was only when a silvery-white light suddenly burst out from afar, bringing a few seconds of light, that he retracted his gaze and nodded slightly.

Chirmont has succeeded in advancing…

His gaze landed on the two-meter-tall youth standing in the middle of the room.

"Derrick, do you know why I kept delaying the subsequent plans and didn't implement them after the first exploration of the Giant King's Court, despite already becoming a Sequence 3 Silver Knight?"

Derrick thought for a moment and said, "Your Excellency, on the one hand, you wish to see if there are any other paths you can take to the seaside. On the other hand, you are waiting for the other Elders of the six-member council to advance to Sequence 3."

And now, both matters were completed.

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1217: The Five Mush and Two Rooms

Editor: Atlas Studios

Moon City.

Many humans walked out of buildings which stood unusually sturdily despite having mottled surfaces. Some of them were obviously deformed, while others had already developed some abnormalities.

The humans looked at each other and noticed some confusion on each other's faces.

There were still two to three months before the Sun Sacrifice. Why was the High Priest summoning everyone to the square?

Could something have happened? The residents of Moon City were filled with anxiety, fear, and confusion as they entered the only square from every street.

At this moment, the high platform was empty. The person who had convened them appeared to have not arrived.

The residents of Moon City gathered together in a very orderly manner according to their respective zones, and they discussed amongst each other in whispers.

"Why isn't the High Priest here yet?"

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1218: Clue

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Give it a try too." Klein handed the iron-black long skewer to the other residents of Moon City.

Their throats bobbed up and down as they couldn't help but swallow another mouthful of saliva. However, they didn't immediately respond. All of them cast their gazes at the High Priest, waiting for him to nod.

In his animal hide clothes, Nim took out an item. It looked like a magnifying glass with a handle.

At a glance, Klein almost imagined that he had seen a monocle. This fright made his heart skip a beat. Thankfully, he managed to control himself in time to confirm the details.

Holding the metallic handle, he placed the glass object in front of his right eye and observed Rus for a few seconds through the lens.

After a brief silence, he put down the item and nodded at the other Moon City residents.

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1219: Changing the Goal

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the Fog Sea, which hadn't been engulfed by war, the Future slowly began to sail towards the Berserk Sea amidst a convoy of ships.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya hadn't had much to do recently. All she had to do was wait for the Moses Ascetic Order to respond to her request. As she strolled the deck, she enjoyed the sunlight that shone through the thin mist.

With a sweep of her gaze, she saw Frank Lee.

This first mate of the Future, the second most important person of the Star Pirates, was wearing light blue pants and a white shirt with the top two buttons unbuttoned, revealing thick brown chest hair. He was like a humanoid giant bear.

He stood at the bow of the boat, looking into the distance. It was unknown what he was thinking, but he looked rather down.

Cattleya involuntarily slowed down a little as she turned to enter the cabin.

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1220: A "Curtain"

Editor: Atlas Studios

"God, God is here to save us…"

The words spoken in a sob-filled voice echoed at the entrance of Moon City, causing the residents who were waiting to fall into a trance.

…

At the edges of the grayish-white fog, a fire quietly burned.

After eating another batch of mushrooms, Klein dispelled the iron-black skewer in his hand and looked up at the crater described by Moon City's High Priest, Nim.

He then reached out with his right hand and gently pulled, dragging "himself" out from fifteen minutes ago.

After exchanging looks, Klein's true form rapidly vanished and entered the fog of history. He ran all the way to a time before the First Epoch, and he sat in the old stacked cities.

His historical projection stood up and snapped his fingers repeatedly, flashing through the crimson flames as he headed for his destination.

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1221: Leaving a Message

Editor: Atlas Studios

If the Dark Demonic Wolf really is preparing the Attendant of Mysteries ritual, then "His" whereabouts won't lack traces… Klein nodded slowly. He already had some vague ideas on his mind, but he was still unable to truly sort them out.

He instinctively wanted to divine the location of the "curtain" by using the soil that had been tainted by the "curtain," so as to lock onto the location of the Dark Demonic Wolf. However, considering how the latter was an angel, such a method would most likely alarm "Him," alerting "Him" and causing "Him" to take precautionary measures. Therefore, Klein rationally gave up on this idea and returned to the real world. He thought hard about formulating a plan.

The next day, when there was a high frequency of lightning, another batch of Moon City residents came to Gehrman Sparrow's bonfire under the leadership of a priest named Duke. They listened to his teachings, enjoyed the mushrooms, and waited to be cleansed.

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1222: "Research Facility"

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he held the Staff of the Stars, Klein pulled out a gold coin out of thin air with his other hand and flicked it.

As the gold coin tumbled, a revelation from his "divination" appeared in his mind.

It was an extremely deep ravine. At the bottom of it was a thick and vast building that was covered in layers of "grayish-white."

Every detail was restored to the Chernobyl that Klein had seen at the beginning. However, it didn't originate from the spirit world, but from his own subconscious.

Using the technique of dream divination, he reproduced the images he had seen in his mind.

And the moment this scene was completed, the gems embedded in the Staff of the Stars emitted a faint glow. It instantly vanished along with Klein's Historical Void projection and appeared above the grayish-white building.

In just a second, Klein returned from the easternmost front of the Forsaken Land of the Gods to Chernobyl!

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1223: That Level

Editor: Atlas Studios

Who am I? Just as Klein was about to remove the Historical Void projection, he was taken aback by Amon's question.

He controlled himself and didn't frown. Instead of answering, he asked, "You aren't Amon's true body?"

Standing at the edge of the cliff, Amon took a step forward and smiled.

"Of course not.

"You seem to know my true body or my other avatars?"

Although the Amon in front of him didn't take any action, the step "He" took still gave Klein an indescribable pressure. It wasn't easy for him to keep still without retreating, which would betray his cowardice.

He grunted and replied in a low voice, "That's why I'm curious as to why you don't know me."

"Are you very famous?" said the Amon who had crawled out of the darkness. "He" then raised "His" hand and adjusted "His" crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

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1224: Guesses About the Apocalypse

Editor: Atlas Studios

Loen Kingdom, Backlund.

Fors, who was still sleeping soundly, suddenly woke up from her dream. She subconsciously cast her gaze out the window.

She didn't lack similar experiences. Before she became a member of the Tarot Club, she often woke up in the middle of the night due to the curse of the full moon. But today, she didn't feel any familiar pain, but her heart throbbed for some unknown reason.

As the curtain had blocked the window, Fors was unable to determine what time it was from the weak light. She subconsciously got out of bed, walked to the window, and drew the curtains.

The sunlight that penetrated the thin fog shone into the room, dispersing the accumulated darkness. Fors stood by the window and looked up into the sky with an obvious look of confusion.

The sun has already risen, and the crimson moon had long set. Why do I still feel the sensation I have during the curse of the full moon?

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1225: Counseling

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he heard Miss Justice's slightly bleak and confused words, Klein could empathize with her. This was because he had previously had similar thoughts.

After recalling snippets from self-help books, he deliberated and said, "A father's death is so insignificant to the entirety of Loen. One or more cases might happen every day, but to his child's family, it is something that can change their fate.

"Similarly, if we don't reach the level of an angel, everyone's outcome will be sealed—death and be buried. But this doesn't mean that the time from when we were born to the time we die is meaningless."

Audrey nodded slightly when she heard that. She once again said in a self-deprecating tone, "I understand all of this. However, the secrets you mentioned had a huge impact on me, and I couldn't control my emotions.

"As a Psychiatrist, I actually needed someone else to counsel me…"

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1226: Handing Out Mushrooms

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn maintained his smile and calmed himself down before responding, "I can find helpers of a sufficient level."

He didn't wish to borrow the forces of the Sanguine too much on this matter, because if that happened, he would undoubtedly end up as a liaison, a bystander, and a messenger. He would not have any say in the eventual distribution of the spoils of war.

As for the Sanguine Dukes and Marquises, they had no lack of direct descendants who wished to advance to become a demigod and become an Earl.

At the very beginning, Emlyn believed in his identity as the Sanguine's savior. He believed that the important figures would treat every single member fairly. However, as The Hanged Man analyzed the various high-level Sanguine orders from Marquis Nibbs and the other high-level Sanguine, Emlyn gradually became wary of them.

He frowned slightly and said, "Sherlock Moriarty?"

Emlyn was puzzled as he shifted in his seat.

"Why do you think it's him?"

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1227: Summoning Ritual

Editor: Atlas Studios

After Mass, Klein followed the newly appointed Priest of The Fool, Nim, into the black tower.

With no reservations, Nim gave a detailed description of how many demigods and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts there were in Moon City.

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1228: Wishes

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without waiting for The World Gehrman Sparrow to respond, Audrey, who was maintaining her posture, slowly said a few words:

"Heaviness…

"Pain…

"Shame…"

Klein listened silently without commenting on what Miss Justice said. Instead, he asked in a gentle tone that was closer to the image of Dwayne Dantès, "Why do you suddenly want to do such a test?"

"It's not a test." Audrey shook her head. "It's just to reveal the details that I usually hide and avoid. I want to see what I really look like in the eyes of others."

After pausing for a moment, she moved her lips without a smile.

"After our previous conversation, I really am trying to come up with a plan. I plan to secretly do some manipulating, so that the nobles, businessmen, royal family, and the Church can release enough food from their stockpiles.

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1229: Collective Wisdom

Editor: Atlas Studios

Seeing that Miss Magician had yet to react, Klein made The World add, "You don't need to be there. Just summon my historical projection in advance."

"…Alright!" Fors nodded hurriedly.

At that moment, because Gehrman Sparrow had accepted his mission, Emlyn clearly relaxed.

From what he knew, this meant that the success rate of the matter had skyrocketed.

In the next second, The World looked at him and hoarsely asked, "What kind of payment can you provide?"

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds before saying with his eyes darting upwards slightly, "Once I become a Shaman King, I'll provide a free promise on similar matters.

"Also, I only want the Shaman King's Beyonder characteristic. The members of the Rose School of Thought temperance faction should have a clear goal. The rest will be yours."

Mr. Moon isn't very stolid. He doesn't have much confidence… Through his actions and words, Audrey came to a conclusion.

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1230: Meeting Again

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he had personal experience, Klein placed himself in the shoes of the Dark Demonic Wolf and pondered.

Usually, he would shut down the automatic prayer response to prevent an enemy from using the feedback to establish a connection and lock onto his position;

Under this premise, to receive a sudden prayer from a stranger would no doubt lead to "Him" relying on the corresponding point of light to observe the supplicant and grasp more information. This allowed "Him" to make preparations for what might happen in the future;

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1231: "Visiting" Everywhere

Editor: Atlas Studios

Emlyn subconsciously looked at the high stool on the other side of the room, and saw the "exquisite doll."

His eyes immediately revealed a look of amazement, admiration, ardor, and other mixed emotions. He opened his mouth and almost blurted out the question of where he could buy such a doll and who was the master behind this piece of work.

However, he was already an adult and had experienced plenty of things. He knew that bringing up such a question was very impolite, so he planned to find an opportunity to ask after the discussion on serious matters were finished.

Sharron frowned indiscernibly as her body floated up. She bowed at Reinette Tinekerr and Sherlock Moriarty.

"There's no need for small talk," Klein said simply. "Our initial plan is this…"

He shared how he would let his historical projection take the initiative to step into a trap to attract the attention of the Rose School of Thought and described it in detail.

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1232: Comparison Experiments

Editor: Atlas Studios

After becoming a demigod and gaining some level of control over Sefirah Castle, Klein was able to prevent its aura from permeating out into the real world and augmenting him. This made him stop considering similar problems. After all, this would result in abnormalities, causing him to be recognized by the Beyonders of the "Fate" pathway at a glance—it was rather unsafe. And at this moment, once he received Will Auceptin's reminder, he felt that it opened up new possibilities.

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1233: Two Spots

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ever since the war became prolonged, the Loen soldiers had seen countless unnatural phenomena. It happened so many that they were somewhat numb to it. However, the scene of the dismembered corpses crawling up remained a shocking scene. It left them horrified and confused. They felt as though they were unable to survive the impending disaster, and would eventually become zombies.

Of course, there was a reason why they were able to maintain their morale after seeing such unnatural phenomena.

Just as they were feeling extreme fear, a series of chants sounded from behind them.

"Lacking clothes and food, they have no shelter in the cold.

"…

"The Evernight did not forsake them, but bestowed them with love[1]."

The holy and sympathetic prayer reverberated across the entire defense line, causing the fear in every soldier to quickly dissipate, their bodies and minds turning tranquil.

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1234: The Projection's "Descent"

Editor: Atlas Studios

The blinding white beam penetrated the glass window and landed on Shaman King Klarman.

It then burst into an intense light, melting away all the undead, darkness, and evil.

Klarman's figure burned with a white flame, as though he was a paper figurine that had been brought near red embers.

But it really was a paper figurine, one that seemed to be condensed from the crimson moonlight.

The Shaman King's substitute spell, Moon Paper Figurine!

As the paper figurine turned to ash, the ancient Shaman King appeared at the top of the cathedral and cast his cold gaze at Emlyn White, who was standing near the bell tower.

At that moment, within Klarman's blood-red eyes, it reflected the figure of Sharron, who was wearing a black regal dress and a tiny bonnet. Her body stiffened as if she had lost control of herself.

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1235: Most Valued Support

Editor: Atlas Studios

The silver-black, three-tiered accessory box with many embedded gems quickly opened, revealing the interior of the second level.

It was dark. Even the surrounding barriers seemed to blend in with it. It gave one the feeling that it was a pocket of infinite space.

In an instant, the darkness lit up with countless resplendent speckles, as if they had transformed into a miniature cosmos, a miniature universe.

These bright points of light rapidly spun as the surrounding scene changed several times in a second.

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1236: Linkage

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the eyes of Shaman King Klarman, a bright silver moon rose, quickly filling his irises.

This was completely different from the normal crimson moon. It also wasn't the Blood Moon that occasionally appeared. It was similar to the abnormal state of the moon from not too long ago, but there were also certain differences.

It illuminated Klarman's eyes and body, causing him to instantly lose contact with the crimson moon.

That also meant that, before things went back to normal, Klarman could no longer attempt "Moonlight Transformation," nor could he teleport within the range of the crimson moonlight's illumination.

Suddenly, a word appeared in the mind of this Shaman King of the Moon Domain.

Lilith!

The ancient goddess, Lilith, who once controlled the Moon pathway!

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1237: Distribution

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the golden rays of light shone down, Klarman, a Shaman King, who had lived for more than a thousand years, collapsed into pieces at the entrance of the Evernight cathedral. Every part of his body was charred black, completely drained of its blood.

Amongst them, something fell out of his black-robe ashes. It was a normal-sized palm. Its skin's texture didn't appear human at all, and it had a dim luster. Its fingers were slender with balanced amounts of flesh and bone.

If he hadn't seen it on such an occasion, Emlyn definitely would've believed that the palm was a part of an exquisite doll.

Another head in Reinette Tinekerr's hand swung forward as it quickly bit the palm.

At the same time, Sharron's figure turned incorporeal as she entered the remains of Shaman King Klarman, speeding up the expelling of his Beyonder characteristic.

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1238: Hypothesis

Editor: Atlas Studios

After dealing with the spoils of war and bestowing the purified Shaman King Beyonder characteristic to Emlyn White, Klein was in no hurry to leave Sefirah Castle. He simply reviewed the battle today.

One thing he focused on was Abomination Suah's performance in various aspects, so as to assess how powerful an angel was.

If I encounter him head-on and do not hold back, I might not even have a chance to summon an angel projection. Unless I succeed on my first attempt… Of course, my target, Dark Demon Wolf, is a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker. As for Abomination Suah, "He" is already a Sequence 1. The gap between the two is likely quite significant… However, Dark Demonic Wolf shares the same Seer pathway as me. "He" suppresses me in every aspect… I can only be thankful that "He" hasn't completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 1, or I wouldn't have any hope of winning… Sequence 1… As his thoughts raced, Klein's gaze suddenly constricted as he sat straight.

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1239: Legacy

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Cattleya's words, Queen Mystic Bernadette looked at her silently for a few seconds before saying, "That is your choice, and also your freedom."

Cattleya stared straight at the Queen before pursing her lips and saying, "I know. You must've destroyed all the clues that will allow me to pursue your tracks…

"To you, this is to end the past—all of it—regardless of whether you return."

The chestnut-colored hair casually draped over Bernadette's shoulders as she maintained her silence as if she was using this method to confirm the Admiral of Stars's guess.

When Cattleya saw this, she smiled bitterly and said, "I won't harp on about how I'd do everything I can to find you if you were to remain lost for half a year or a year. I just want you to remember to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name when the danger is gravest."

She said that title frankly.

Queen Mystic Bernadette slowly nodded and said, "I will keep that in mind."

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1240: The Tide

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the early morning, Earl Hall woke up at his usual time and took a stroll in his garden and lawn.

By the time he finished looking at his beloved thoroughbreds, he returned to the third floor of the villa and changed out of his outing clothes. His wife, Caitlyn, had already woken up and was instructing her lady's maid to relay her thoughts to the rest of the servants.

"It's time for breakfast." Earl Hall stood beside the coat rack and smiled at his wife.

At that moment, he heard a commotion outside, one that was getting closer and closer, but it did not quell.

With a slight frown, Earl Hall turned his head to look at his valet.

Without needing the noble to speak, the valet immediately walked to the window and drew open the thin curtain.

With a swoosh, more light shone into the bedroom. It was clear.

The valet then cast his gaze out the window and scanned his surroundings. His expression suddenly became solemn.

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1241: Genie

Editor: Atlas Studios

The light emitted by the lamp's core was extremely viscous, like water that had been infused with quite a bit of sugar. It spewed out, forming a distorted and blurry golden figure.

This figure instantly occupied the crimson star representing The Hermit, cutting off his ability to sense Cattleya.

Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein's eyes widened as a thought subconsciously flashed across his mind:

As expected of a Sealed Artifact labeled 0-05!

Although the serial number of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts was usually based on the order of the time the orthodox Churches obtained or understood them, it had to be known that this set of rules was officially established after the seven Churches truly ruled over the world, which was the late Fourth Epoch and early Fifth Epoch.

Back then, most Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts had already appeared, and they had been learned of or obtained by the orthodox Churches!

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1242: The Baffling Actions of the Human

Editor: Atlas Studios

…The primitive island that the Emperor found by chance… The creatures on the island worship an unknown power that comes from the cosmos… Without reaching the level of an angel, just knowledge of it will result in corruption from the cosmos… Try not to make a wish to the Genie, nor bring it to that primitive island… Cattleya finally received feedback from Mr. Fool as she heaved a sigh of relief, even more worried about the Queen's quest.

She turned her head to look at the unresponsive Magic Wishing Lamp and quickly put it away. Then, she spread out a letter, picked up a fountain pen, and paraphrased the information she had just received, hoping that Queen Mystic Bernadette would take it seriously.

…

In a dilapidated apartment in Backlund.

A man with a full beard was sitting on a chair with his hands cuffed behind him.

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1243: Hectic But Not Confused

Editor: Atlas Studios

Deep within a mountain range, in the ancient castle.

As soon as Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar returned from the fog of history, "He" instinctively removed all connections with the outside world. "He" was prepared to abandon this place and move elsewhere.

Although "He" still hadn't figured out what had happened, with an accident already happening, "His" experience told "Him" that "He" couldn't take any chances at all. "He" should retreat and give up as required of him!

At the same time, a thought came to Klein's mind in the city of old. His figure instantly appeared in the ancient palace above the gray fog. At the seat belonging to The Fool, he merged with the constantly distorted and scattered crimson figure and took form.

In this mysterious space, the crimson stars that represented Justice, The Hanged Man, The Star, and the other members of the Tarot Club were constantly expanding and shrinking. They emitted layers of ripples that formed a mighty "wave."

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1244: Wish

Editor: Atlas Studios

Just as Reinette Tinekerr's figure appeared in Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's pupils, "She" left the window to the heart and began expanding back to "Her" original size.

This meant that "Her" Wraith's possession attempt had failed.

The Dark Demonic Wolf's body rapidly shrunk and thinned as "He" madly absorbed the light around "Him," becoming a translucent black velvet curtain.

This was an item that Klein had seen via dream divination. It was ejected from the grayish-white fog and had landed in the hands of the Dark Demonic Wolf. It was suspected to contain the Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic of the Seer pathway.

At this moment, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotor had borrowed some of the powers of the "curtain" to dodge Reinette Tinekerr's Wraith's possession at the critical moment via some unknown means, effectively avoiding the subsequent series of control.

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1245: Help Available Even Without Summoning Help

Editor: Atlas Studios

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The bolts of silver lightning that were as thick as an anaconda struck the translucent black velvet "curtain." It shook violently as it distorted.

Taking advantage of this opening, Reinette Tinekerr's figure, which was reflected on the castle's glass, jumped back into Klein's pocket and returned to the surface of the gold coin in the iron cigar case.

The prepared Klein raised his right arm and calmly aimed the Staff of the Stars at the floor tiles in the hall.

A scene surfaced in his mind. It represented one of the Beyonder powers of a Druid.

The ground beneath his feet instantly softened, turning into a marsh. It made his body sink like it had fallen into a sea.

Underground Slink!

Boom!

The translucent black velvet "curtain" could no longer withstand the cleansing from the lightning storm the moment the marsh solidified. It curled into a ball and fell back into the castle.

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1246: Following "His" True Feelings—Cowardice

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Dark Demonic Wolf that was attacking Reinette Tinekerr seemed to sense something. "He" slowed down and turned to look at the wraith that had just appeared.

"His" pupils which already occupied two-thirds of "His" eyes had suddenly dilated, as if "He" caught scent of a familiar but dangerous aura.

In the blink of an eye, the wraith raised her arms.

The "Power of Wishes" in the surrounding area rapidly diminished at an accelerated rate. Godhood began to return, having reached the level of Sequence 4. Under the soil beneath the Dark Demonic Wolf's feet, pale-white and illusory arms emerged. They were densely packed like a forest, grabbing onto Kotar's eight legs, making this Miracle Invoker feel like "He" had fallen into a cold and dead silence. "He" was temporarily unable to break free.

Using this opportunity, Reinette Tinekerr, who had turned sluggish due to "Her" controlled Spirit Body Threads, turned illusory as "She" vanished.

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1247: Finally

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mysteries… Klein's heart palpitated when he heard that. He subconsciously wanted to return to Sefirah Castle and leave the scene.

However, no matter how much he tried, his Spirit Body remained inside his body without any changes.

Man… This vexed Klein. He instinctively cast his gaze towards Reinette Tinekerr who was beside him. He saw that Miss Messenger had already floated over, looking like "She" was facing a terrifying enemy. And the surrounding darkness froze like a cold lake. Lightning stopped streaking across the sky.

Mysteries… Klein felt a slight sense of security as he thought back to the title he had just heard.

He was no stranger to that. However, the last person who addressed him in this manner was the Ancient Sun God—the City of Silver's Creator—from two thousand years ago. Before "He" died, "He" sensed Klein's divination and shouted this out through an insurmountable distance of space and time!

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1248: A Thousand Years of Waiting

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the primitive forest outside Bayam City of the Rorsted Archipelago.

The leaders of the Resistance gathered in a mountain cave as they looked respectfully at the Sea God's Blessed. He was wearing a black cloak, his brows were yellow, and his blue eyes were dark blue.

"Lord Danitz, this is an opportunity!" a bald man in a wheelchair with a green beard, Kalat, said in excitement.

His partner, Edmonton, whose face was colored with short red patterns, immediately said, "Lord Danitz, according to our intelligence officers, the situation in Bayam is chaotic. Be it the Church of the Lord of Storms or the governor-general's office, everyone is feeling anxious because of the encirclement of Backlund by the Feysac military forces."

Having said that, Edmonton looked at Kalat and got the person-in-charge of the corresponding field to give a more detailed description.

Kalat looked at the solemn-looking Lord Danitz and deliberated over his words.

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1249: Showcasing His Might

Editor: Atlas Studios

Boom! Boom!

In an underground shelter in Backlund, Audrey, who was dressed in hunting attire, listened to the distant explosions.

When she turned around, she happened to see Melissa looking at her in confusion.

The young girl, who had just reached adulthood, asked in a dreamy tone, "Miss Audrey, will the war end if we're completely defeated? Will we no longer have to worry about bombardments, raids, and having insufficient food?"

Audrey looked at her deeply and said, "But if that happens, you will have to change your faith."

Melissa hesitated, not knowing how to respond. At this moment, a commoner curled up against the wall blurted out, "I believe in the God of Steam and Machinery! Even if Feysac and Intis win, I don't need to change my faith!"

When that happens, life would return to its original warm and peaceful state!

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1250: Behind the Door

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he had the information from the City of Silver's previous explorations, Klein knew which places were dangerous and how to avoid them. It didn't take long for him to follow the small path, pass through the Waning Forest, Barren Tunnel, and use the ancient elevator to arrive at the residence of the guards.

After waiting for a while—until the "curtain" above the gray fog split into two, separating the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic—Klein reached out to pull his past self out.

He didn't know if the other divine kingdoms would isolate the fog of history, but at least without the Giant King's Court having its owner present, no one would be able to stop his attempts.

Unfortunately, this matter involves too many levels. I can't obtain any results from divination; otherwise, I will feel more at ease… Klein shook his head and muttered to himself.

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1251: Change

Editor: Atlas Studios

It's not Dark Angel Sasrir… The projection of Enuni has been eroded by the power that surged out from the Giant King's residence, becoming a monster that I can't understand at the moment. Furthermore, it looks like it can exist for a long period of time… Perhaps there's a bit of Sasrir's will involved in this… With his left hand covering his face, Klein allowed the Worms of Spirit to burrow through the gaps in his fingers freely.

What he couldn't understand the most was something else. He had clearly opened the palace where the Dark Angel lay slumber, but the deities and Kings of Angels showed no reaction.

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1252: Mr. Clown

Editor: Atlas Studios

When they saw the figure walking out from behind the collapsed tower, the members of the City of Silver's expedition team immediately put up a defensive stance, ready to attack or provide any defense.

In their eyes, the man wearing strange clothes and a strange hat was equivalent to a monster, a particularly terrifying one at that!

Even normal Beyonders would view themselves as monsters after being subject to such a physical mutation!

Upon seeing the reactions of the half-giants, Klein grinned widely and said with a beaming smile, "Hello everyone, I'm Gehrman Sparrow.

"All of you should be glad that I can still control myself. Otherwise, you would've lost your minds because you looked at me directly."

As he spoke, the transparent maggots on the left side of his face and neck were still squirming slowly. Beneath the clothes on the left side of his body, there were protruding marks that gently squirmed.

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1253: I Wish You Well

Editor: Atlas Studios

Only when Klein was about to reach the end of the flight of stone steps did the two Silver Knights guards outside the Giant King's Court react.

They turned their heads as the orange glow behind their visors flashed twice, as though it was confirming the identity of the visitor. Furthermore, they had a moment of confusion.

Half of Klein's face was normal, and the other half was terrifying. The right side of his mouth curled up exaggeratedly. The transparent maggots on his left slowly twisted, revealing a frightening and indifferent smile.

Thud!

With his right foot crossing the final step, he arrived at the platform where the Giant King's Court was located.

Suddenly, a silvery-white crack appeared on Klein's forehead as countless silver rays emitted from his body.

His entire body instantly shattered into pieces of flesh and blood.

These fragments floated up and quickly thinned and faded, turning into paper shreds.

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1254: Exaggerated

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bang!

When the "shadow" blasted an Air Cannon forward, Klein acted as though he had sensed it ahead of time. His body jerked backward, and he somersaulted in the air, landing steadily several steps away.

During this process, his right hand continued to press down on the half top hat on his head, making him seem rather relaxed.

Seeing that Enuni and the "shadow" didn't attempt to chase and continue their attacks, the smile on his face became even more obvious.

"It's really impolite to interrupt others while they're speaking.

"I wanted to discuss how to deal with you in front of all of you, but I can only avoid that now."

As he spoke, his left face, which formed from a cluster of transparent maggots, trembled twice, as if he was trying to wink at his former marionette and his former shadow.

Then, with a beaming smile on his face, he walked back to Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia and shrugged.

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1255: Mocking Himself

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the smile of "sincerity" appeared on Klein's face, the face of the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split suddenly cracked open. The silver cracks were all over the place, intertwining with each other, appearing extremely chaotic.

Klein seized the opportunity and used his Silver Knight marionette's silver sword to condense a "Silver Rapier" to attack him!

A sharp light shot out, dicing that figure into countless small pieces.

However, these small blocks were abnormally illusory, with zero corporealness.

The Spectator Saint had used the technique of Psychological Invisibility to create an illusion, concealing his existence!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Silver beams of light either blazed towards the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split off, or directly leaped out from the target's location, erupting from within.

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1256: I Have Something You Don't

Editor: Atlas Studios

The deep "sea" swallowed the bright spherical light, darkening the entire "Unshadowed Domain."

Silver bolts of lightning burst out from its interior, turning the area where Enuni and Colin Iliad were fighting into a forest of lightning.

Amidst the sizzling sounds, countless bolts of lightning slithered upwards and drilled into the gaps in the armor.

This Silver Knight, who had shown his incomplete Mythical Creature form, immediately turned stiff, as though he was paralyzed by lightning. As for Enuni, his black armor, which seemed to be formed from powers of "Degeneration," had completely absorbed the lightning, preventing his body from being affected by the rippling damage.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Enuni, who had pitch-black fragments peeling off from him, held the dark greatsword with both hands and slashed at an angle. And at this moment, Colin Iliad hadn't completely escaped from his paralyzed state.

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1257: Too Weak

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he spoke, Klein raised his right hand.

A piece of pitch-black and filthy flesh had appeared in his palm at some point in time. It contained an indescribable aspect of madness.

"The answer is: The Hanged Man's corruption," Klein said to Shadow with a smile.

The thing that he had that Shadow didn't was the corruption left behind by the True Creator. This was an influence that even the power of Sefirah Castle couldn't dissipate for the time being!

And one thing he was certain of was that, before he met Dark Angel Sasrir, the True Creator wouldn't easily allow him to lose control or die.

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1258: Tremendous Changes

Editor: Atlas Studios

Although Klein was urging them on the surface, he actually threw Life's Cane to the bottom of the magnificent staircase and threw it at Lovia, allowing her to treat herself and Colin Iliad's injuries.

As a former Rose Bishop, Lovia was the least afraid of the negative effects of Life's Cane. Regardless of the changes in her body, as long as it didn't involve the spirit, she could treat them.

At the same time, Derrick quickly ran towards the collapsed battlefield in the middle of the stairs, picking up the severed arm of the Chief.

As long as a broken limb wasn't lost, Life's Cane could heal the injuries, restoring it anew!

With an exaggerated smile, Klein nodded at Colin Iliad and leaped into the fog of history. He dashed to a time before the First Epoch and hid in a fragment of light.

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1259: Slumbering Grounds

Editor: Atlas Studios

In a battlefield near the capital, Lenburg.

The balls of compressed scarlet fireballs flew past the corpses, weapons, blood, and smoke, under the guidance of a flaming spear. They landed in the areas that were built with simple construction work, creating a series of explosions.

As he watched the smoke rise and the flames spread, Anderson flung the dust in his hands and turned to the deputy beside him with a smile.

"I wonder how much longer this will last… Any last words? I can help you write a will."

As he had wished, he saw the angry looks of the "militia" around him. Their thoughts were uniform.

However, the "militia" didn't attack. The glint in their eyes slowly settled as they cast their gaze in another direction.

"You actually didn't respond to my provocation." Anderson pricked up his brows. "This means that you're planning something."

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1260: Omniscience

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without needing anyone to make the introductions, the four demigods present clearly understood a reality:

The giant-like man who was sleeping on the iron-black throne was the left hand of God, the deputy of Heaven, Dark Angel Sasrir!

Amongst them, Lovia could clearly sense the oppression coming from this absolute high-level existence. It was like the response when praying to the True Creator. It was an aura that could cause her thoughts to scramble, her soul to degenerate, and her body to tremble.

Suddenly, she heard a burst of laughter. She turned her head to the side in a daze.

Klein bent his back slightly and laughed.

"'He' is still sleeping. Should we directly wake 'Him,' or wait for 'Him' to wake up?

"If we choose to wake 'Him,' how should we greet 'Him'? Hey, Your Highness Dark Angel? Rose Redemption Leader?"

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1261: No One Is an Exception

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a while, Klein asked, "The Primordial One is the one who created this world, the one who transformed 'His' body into everything?"

To be frank, Klein subconsciously wanted to ask if the entity referred to the Primordial Demoness. However, with a thought, he eliminated this answer. Firstly, because the Primordial Demoness didn't have the necessary level to strike fear into the Ancient Sun God, the City of Silver's Creator. Even the Evernight Goddess couldn't do so. Secondly, after the Dark Angel entered "His" slumber, this evil goddess was born only in the Fourth Epoch which had been influenced by the second Blasphemy Slate. Sasrir likely didn't know of "Her." And even if "He" knew "Her" using his omniscient capabilities, "He" wouldn't specially mention a Sequence 0 who hadn't been involved in the Third Epoch.

Behind the thick and sinister shadows, the brass eyes flashed in unison.

"The universe."

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1262: The Truth Behind the Enemy

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he realized that the Dark Angel had woken up, Klein only felt his heart tighten and was on full alert. He didn't feel any fear or anxiety. After all, he had already confirmed that the real Dark Angel had returned to the Ancient Sun God's body. After being betrayed by the existences such as the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, "He" had focused his negative and extreme emotions on "His" corpse where "He" was reborn, turning into the True Creator. "He" didn't return here, so whatever was left was just a culmination of "His" psyche and will.

Furthermore, he had just communicated with the remnant psyche of Dark Angel Sasrir rather normally; he didn't sense any obvious animosity.

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1263: The Final Watch

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a short pause, a brilliant silvery-white glow continued to stretch out in front of them, completely drowning out the two invisible barriers that shielded Colin Iliad, Derrick Berg, and Lovia.

The barrier blocking the silver snaking lightning began to violently tremble. A crack that resembled tree branches appeared. As for how long the barrier could last in the Lightning Storm, that remained a question.

At this moment, behind Dark Angel Sasrir, there was an area that wasn't covered by the forest of lightning. Klein's figure, in his black trench coat and silk half top hat, appeared.

He was like a precise and cold machine. Without any hesitation, he aimed the Staff of the Stars at the side of the special evil spirit, quickly outlining all sorts of information related to the Beyonder powers in his mind.

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1264: Succeeding

Editor: Atlas Studios

There was no need for any communication. Just from this sudden locking of eyes, Klein knew that Colin Iliad had the same thoughts as him.

He didn't hesitate to flip the black staff embedded with many gems and point it at himself.

In the next second, it was as if Klein's body was a sketch that had met an eraser. It was wiped away inch by inch, and he quickly disappeared.

This was the power of Concealment, one that also came from the leader of the ascetics of the Church of Evernight, Arianna.

As the power of Concealment that was replicated by the Staff of the Stars was definitely much weaker than the original version, and the evil spirit's level was rather high, Klein didn't attempt to use it on Dark Angel Sasrir. Instead, he targeted himself.

At the same time that he was "concealed," Colin Iliad fused into the faint light that illuminated everything in the shadow palace with his two swords of dawn.

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1265: Warrior

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Attack!"

Upon hearing the Chief's words, Derrick froze for a moment before instinctively spreading his arms.

During this process, his vision blurred and he let out an extremely repressed voice from the depths of his throat.

A blob of light covered in holy flames descended out of thin air, devouring the figures of Dark Angel Sasrir and Colin Iliad.

Before the blast of light exploded, Derrick pulled back his arm, forming a bright white and pure "Unshadowed Spear" in his palm.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the long spear of light tore through the holy flames and accurately hit the evil spirit's head.

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1266: Light

Editor: Atlas Studios

For a demigod Beyonder, they experienced a qualitative change due to their powerful souls. Even in death, their psyche could persist for some time. Unless this was circumvented due to an enemy deliberately destroying it, a High-Sequence Beyonder, who continued having a strong desire or unresolved matters during their state of death, could have their remnant will last longer. As such, he could slowly assimilate the surrounding areas, allowing it to mix with the spirit world, and even the Underworld, so as to turn it into an evil spirit.

Therefore, although Colin Iliad had stopped breathing, he was still able to hear Derrick's cry while sitting at the top of the ancient god's staircase in tattered silver armor. He turned his head to look at the underaged demigod before smiling.

"Compared to the Elders of the past, it's a form of luck for Lovia and myself to die here."

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